

AN
E P I S T L E

FROM

P I N D A R,

TO HIS PRETENDED COUSIN

P E T E R.

E P I S T

P I N D A R

H I S T O R Y

P E T E R

AN
E P I S T L E
FROM
P I N D A R



TO HIS PRETENDED COUSIN

P E T E R:

IN WHICH ARE MANY CURIOUS AND ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF THE

P S E U D O P I N D A R:

WITH AN APPENDIX,

Containing PETER'S celebrated Song, "O THE ROAST PORK OF
OLD TRURO," being one of the earliest of his Satirical Productions.

THE SECOND EDITION.

ANSWER. A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY. SOLOMON.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. BEW, No. 28, PATER-NOSTER ROW.
MDCCLXXXVIII.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

Vol. 12, No. 1, January 1919

Published by the American Medical Association

535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum in advance

Single copies, 15 cents

Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 2, 1912

Postpaid

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917

Authorizes sale at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917

Postmaster: This publication is published weekly except on Sundays and public holidays

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Printed by the American Medical Association

Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

C O N T E N T S.

Pindar upbraideth Peter for claiming kindred to him, and usurping his name; telleth him to retire to his real origin, and follow his late occupation in Cornwall; but supposeth he dare not be seen there, and that the ghosts of his patients terrify him.—Comparison between Fame and a postboy.—Pindar telleth him that Fame speaketh loudly of his ill deeds; deeds, which, were he to mention them, would harrow up Peter's soul.—Yet his malevolence would be in vain: none would come to his succour.—Curious story of a painter and physician.—Pindar telleth Peter not to expect any assistance from relations, but to fear the fate of the dragon which St. George overcame.—Story of St. George and the dragon.—Moral thereof applied to Peter, who, Pindar supposeth, feareth the Laureat, though he pretendeth to despise him.—Pindar marvelleth at the Laureat's silence.—Comparison betwixt the Laureat and Peter, under the similitude of a bee and serpent.—Pindar asketh Peter how he liketh the parallel; adviseth him to act no longer insidiously; telleth him how mean it is to attack the King, who cannot resent it as a private gentleman would do, nor like Mr. Rosewarne, who pulled his nose at Truro for his lampooning.—Pindar counselleth Peter, if satire be his fort, to
B employ

C O N T E N T S.

employ it against Vice and Folly.—Curious story of fat pigs.—Pindar telleth him how he would have written, had he really been related to him.—Apostrophe to their Majesties.—Pindar again adviseth Peter to reform, and ask pardon of their Majesties, who, probably, would have pity on the penury which prompted him to write.—Description of Peter's situation.—Stockings without feet, &c.—Pindar adviseth Peter to sacrifice to the Graces.—Picturesque scene of Peter playing upon the fiddle, in which he is reprehended for his ridiculous self-admiration.—Pindar concludeth to the no small joy of Peter; but threateneth to write again, if Peter should ever more presume to make use of his name.

A N E P I S T L E, &c.

PETER, how darest thou degrade my fame?

What right hast thou to claim akin to me?

Why surreptitiously usurp my name,

And make me partner in thy infamy?

Go, whence you sprang! from 'pothecaries store,

From rancid ointments which the touch defile,

From arsenic, and from deadly hellebore,

From noxious essences, and odours vile.

Go, and thy affaetida compound;

Go, vend thy drugs again on Cornwall's coasts;

But Justice says, thou dar'st not there be found,

And conscience fears the disembodied ghosts;

Who,

Who, driv'n from life, by thy prescriptions, wander,
In horrid gloom, depriv'd of all repose.
Perchance thou'lt urge this is the tale of slander,
Invented by thy most malignant foes.

'Tis Fame asserts it, who like postboy goes,
Blowing her silver trump instead of horn;
And circulating all the news she knows,
Now leads t'admire, and now provokes to scorn.

And, pray, what right hast thou with Fame to quarrel,
Thou, who so long hast liv'd upon report;
Who, envious for the want of sack and laurel,
With malice stigmatizest all the court?

Peter, Fame saith a thousand things of you,
More odious far than you can ever find;
Though with a jaundic'd microscope you view.
The deep recesses of your monarch's mind.

She

She faith you'd prostitute the name of God*,
 The cause of God, and all that's good, for gain,
 Break through the ties of friendship or of blood,
 And practice deeds which would a Chartres stain.

She faith! but Peter should I deign to write
 All that she faith, 'twould harrow up thy soul;
 Yet would Apollo smile to see thy spite,
 What though thine eyes with ghastly malice roll.

What though thou call'st thy keenest satire forth,
 And vent'st thy malice like th' envenom'd toads,
 Thy rage would prove to thee, of little worth,
 For who succeeds in contest with the gods?

* Peter, through the influence of the late Governor Trelawney, was ordained a clergyman of the church of England, and accompanied the Governor to Jamaica, where he was Chaplain to him. On the death of the Governor he gave up his sacred character, and became Captain of a party of Jews in the island; afterwards, he came back to England, and practised physic in Cornwall.

What did the impious giants gain of old,
 When they contended with the power of Jove,
 When back huge Pelion on Ossa roll'd,
 Fell on their heads, and crush'd them as they strove ?

Nor shall a better fate attend on you,
 If still to satirise your King you dare ;
 Remorse shall like an arrow pierce you through,
 And you shall fall a victim to despair.

None, none shall take your part, not e'en the youth
 In whom Correggio's soul doth still reside :
 He still remembers well the fatal truth,
 That Peter you were but a faithless guide.

Perhaps this tale will set my meaning clear,
 A tale that's not amiss for you to hear.

THE PAINTER AND THE DOCTOR.

A YOUTH there was on whom the Graces smil'd,
 And Pallas mark'd him as her favourite child;
 Oft would the goddess guide his little hand,
 To paint rude outlines of the cows,
 And all the neighbouring hogs and fows,
 And cats, and dogs, and birds, a favourite band.

It chanc'd one day,
 As in a bed
 His father and his mother lay,
 The little urchin etch'd them both in chalk;
 Whether in kitchen, or in hall,
 It is not said,
 But on the wall
 He drew them both so well it was the village talk.

Among

Among the rest who came this fight to view,

Peter there was a Doctor just like you ;

A man who meanly thought to gain

His living from the artless swain :

For his own trade

Was very bad ;

And not a bolus, or a pill,

Would any take did he prescribe :

The country thought him worst of all the tribe,

He did so many patients kill.

Big with the thought, he instantly forfakes

The country which no longer on him smil'd ;

A Raphael's painting in one hand he takes,

And in the other leads the Cornish child.

For well he knew the trump of Fame

Would soon re-echo with young O***'s name :

Thus to the great metropolis they came.

There

There the young man, with all that ease,
 Which ever marks th' ingenuous mind,
 And emulous the friend to please,
 Whom he thinks best of all mankind,
 Entrusts him with the gains his labours yield :
 This, this was what the sycophant required ;
 Long had he with a wishful eye beheld,
 And long the produce of his art desir'd :
 Whate'er the youth receives he next demands,
 And like a churl he snarls 'cause 'tis no more ;
 Each day imposes on him fresh commands,
 And each day wastes away his little store ;
 Nor lets him have sufficient to provide
 For the mere wants of life, for dress and food ;
 In vain young O*** reason'd, wept, and sigh'd,
 The Doctor loads him with ingratitude.
 Cheerful the youth would share with him the gains,
 Would that content him ; but he thinks it hard,

D

That,

That, after all his anxious toils and pains,
 He cann't himself enjoy the least reward :
 But willing rather to endure the wrong,
 Than be of base ingratitude accus'd,
 Gently he bore th' oppressor's burthen long,
 Till patience, quite exhausted and abus'd,
 And reason finding all its efforts vain,
 On equal terms with W***** to agree,
 Persuade th' ingenuous youth to break the chain,
 And from th' insulting tyrant to be free*.

Nor shall the gentle † C***** attempt to save
 The man who meanly pilfer'd from his friend,
 What though in pity he the crime forgave,
 Peter he never will your cause defend.

* The above is a true history of the connection betwixt a celebrated Painter and a certain satirical Doctor.

† Dr. C***** was a very excellent character at Truro : the circumstance alluded to of the pilfering, Peter can best elucidate.

Nor will those generous friends whom oft you've try'd,
 Borrowing their money which on w——s you spent;
 When you solicit aid, they'll be denied,
 For well do they remember what they've lent.

And say, th' unlawful pledges of your shame*,
 What for you can the harmless infants do,
 Brought into light to curse their parent's name,
 Struggling with fortune, and denied by you?

Peter, then take advice, ere 'tis too late,
 Nor dare attack your worthy sovereign more,
 Left you should meet the deadly dragon's fate
 Which England's champion kill'd in days of yore.

* This alludes to the children nursed in the Borough, whom Peter, in vain, attempted to deny.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

PERMIT me here your mem'ry to refresh :

There was, you know,

Sometime ago,

A dragon that was fond of virgin's flesh ;

And many a blooming maid,

In native charms array'd,

Possessing all the beauty Venus e'er display'd,

Was daily sacrificed,

For nothing else sufficed

To glut

His gut.

The country all around were of him fore afraid ;

And well they might,

For day and night

He

He kept continual roar,
 Devouring all, and bellowing out for more.
 What agonizing smart
 These virgins then endur'd,
 Thus from their friends to part,
 And thus to be devour'd.

Long did the land his cruelty sustain;
 And many a valiant swain,
 Encount'ring with the beast, was slain,
 Until they all agreed resistance was in vain.

When England's champion chanc'd the fact to hear,
 Who never knew what 'twas to experience fear,
 Like lightning instantly he flew,
 Resolv'd to kill, or perish too;
 Enquired where the monster lay,
 And rising with the solar ray,
 Unto his haunts he rode away.

E

'Twas

'Twas in a desert wild where brambles grew,
 And near huge rocks, all frightful to the view,
 Where Desolation seem'd herself to reign,
 The ground bestrew'd with remnants of the slain :
 He heard the dragon's hideous roar,
 And saw his mouth reeking with gore,
 His eye-balls darted forth a horrid glare,
 The frightened horse t' approach did scarcely dare,
 But by his rider spurr'd he ventur'd near :

Forth from his den the monster sprang,
 And now the air with bellowings rang ;
 Firm as the neighb'ring rock,
 The knight receiv'd the shock,
 And strove to penetrate his scaly hide.
 But vain th' attempt, the beast his pow'r defied,
 United all his power
 And flying to devour,
 When underneath his wings the knight espied

A ten-

A tender part ;
 Exerting then his utmost force
 And instant springing from his horse,
 He plung'd his spear into the dragon's heart.

Now, Peter, can'st not thou the moral read ?
 What is the virgin but fair Reputation ?
 And dost thou hope much better to succeed,
 Devouring thus the beauties of the nation ?

For what's more beauteous than a virtuous name ?
 And what than Slander's rankling tooth is worse ?
 Know'st thou the wretch who stabs another's fame,
 Of all mankind deserves the bitterest curse ?

Already art thou overwhelm'd with terror
 Left Warton should defy thee to the field ;
 For well thou know'st that truth will conquer error,
 And in the contest thou the palm must yield.

Peter,

Peter, thou know'st thou art a very coward,
 And fear'st to meet the man thou hast lampooned;
 Hast thou forgot, when * C*fw*y's visage soured,
 How soon thy courage fail'd, how soon thou swooned?

Why is the Laureat silent? Much I wonder,
 That he sits still, and sees his King abused.
 Why dormant lieth his poetic thunder?
 How can he think he now shall be excused?

Let him stand forth: it is his Sovereign's quarrel:
 He should support the honour of the Crown;
 None but the victors ever wore the laurel;
 Nor need he fear he shall be overthrown.

* Peter's fright, and asking pardon of Mr. C*fw*y, after having satirised Mrs. C*fw*y's paintings, is a plain proof of his cowardice.

Peter,

Peter, what though thou seem'st at Warton's sting
To smile; and deemest him an humble bee,
Buzzing, and gathering honey round the King,
An insect not to be compar'd to thee;

Yet how much better is it to resemble
The little insect of the honied race,
Than like a pois'nous serpent hiss and tremble;
Let this allusion shew thee thy disgrace.

THE TWILIGHT

THE COMPARISON.

The bee and the envenom'd snake
 Delight in flowers and verdant fields,
 The fragrant herb alike partake,
 And nourishment to both it yields.

But see, what opposite effects
 Each on the daified lawn produce ;
 The one ambrosial sweet extracts,
 The other sucks a noxious juice.

How wither'd all the grafs is found,
 If there the serpent but repose :
 The harmless bee flies all around,
 Nor fades the lily nor the rose.

She

She drinks Aurora's purest tears,
 And not a stain behind her leaves ;
 The reptile tastes, and strait appears,
 A deadly hue in yonder waves.

In geometric palace dwells
 The bee, and lives for all mankind ;
 The serpent hides in desert cells,
 To universal hate consign'd.

There, from its treacherous hiding place,
 It threatens, as conceal'd it lies ;
 Not so the golden honied race ;
 They are th' industrious and the wise.

Nor will the gentle bee molest,
 Till urg'd by base ingratitude ;
 The serpent oft hath stung the breast,
 That to it dying pity shew'd.

Peter,

Peter, how likest thou this parallel?
 Would'st thou not rather now the Laureat be,
 Like him in splendid palaces to dwell?
 Then go and imitate th' industrious bee.

No longer like a treacherous serpent lie,
 Ambush'd beneath poetic flowers, for prey;
 Wounding thy friend, if he by chance come by,
 Nor sparing innocence, when in thy way.

How mean th' insidious wretch, who aims his sting
 At those who can't retaliate the wrong!
 Peter, 'tis this makes thee attack the King,
 The know'st revenge doth not to him belong.

Thou know'st that Majesty will not resent;
 That he disdains to give thee blows for blows;

Nor

Not like that member of the parliament*,
Who, once at Truro, pull'd thee by the nose.

If satire be thy fort, let it be hurl'd
At Envy, Malice, and Ingratitude:
Attack the vice and folly of the world;
Hold them to ridicule, but spare the good.

Write harmless epigrams on K***'s fat pigs†,
Laugh at the petit maitres of the town,

* Mr. Rosewarne, Member for Truro, being highly incensed against Peter for some scurrilous jests, and illiberal attacks on his character, pulled his nose publicly in the market place, and threatened to horsewhip him; which circumstance the Frontispiece is intended to explain.

† Dr. K*** of Truro, was always applauded by the corporation for treating them, whenever they dined with him, with remarkable fine pork, much superior in flavour to what they could taste any where else; till Peter, in the song "O the roast Pork of old Truro," explained the reason of it, by the Doctor's feeding his pigs with the blood of his patients, until one of his patients happening to have the i——, the pigs by drinking his vital juice, caught it too; and the means made use of by the Doctor, to cure them, led to the discovery. See this SONG at the conclusion.

Shake with thy wit the city perriwigs,
But spare, O sacrilegious man, the Crown.

For hadst thou ever been akin to me,
A different muse would have directed thee :
Mine was a genius of a lofty mien ;
I sang the heroes of th' Olympic games ;
And yet those heroes were but trivial names,
Compar'd with thy illustrious King and Queen.

Their utmost glory was to guide the horse,
Or dart their chariots swiftest o'er the course ;
What nobler passions fill the heavenly breast
Of him, who sits upon the British throne :
He feels his people's sorrows as his own,
And all his wishes are to make them blest.

Hail

Hail, happy land, where peace and freedom reign !
 I see each smiling nymph, each active swain,
 Shouting with joy, in festive circles join'd :
 With filial gratitude I hear them sing
 The grateful praises of their Queen and King ;
 Charlotte and George, the blessing of mankind.

All hail, ye pair ! to you my muse would raise
 And consecrate a pyramid of praise ;
 That ages, yet unborn, may bless the name.
 Yes, George and Charlotte's praises shall endure,
 Till nature die, and time shall be no more,
 And only with creation shall expire their fame.

Peter, reform betimes ; let me advise ;
 No more the monarch, with thy wit abuse ;
 For all the sons of virtue thee despise,
 And treat with scorn thy prostituted muse.

Repent

Repent, and then for past offences go,
 And weave the loveliest wreath that e'er was seen,
 From those sweet flowers which round Parnassus blow,
 Go, and present it to thy King and Queen.

Tell them 'twas want which prompted thee to write,
 And did they know thy case, they'd think it shocking,
 How without fire thou sat'st the winter night,
 And when thou walk'd'st had no foot to stocking*.

But sacrifice a little to the Graces,
 While you before your Sovereign bend your middle,
 Left you to Majesty should make such faces,
 As you are wont, when playing on the fiddle,

* When Peter went with some gentlemen to view Sir William Lemon's house, the housekeeper insisted on all of them taking off their boots before they went into the principal rooms. Peter excused himself, for some time, on pretence he should catch cold, but being obliged to conform, the true reason was seen.

Fancying yourself Adonis *, though your figure
 Seems the true picture of a water spout
 On some cathedral ; only rather bigger
 Than those grotesque antiques from which the rain runs out.

Where nose and chin, and knees, together bend ;
 A posture quite unseemly all allow ;
 But, Peter, take the counsel of a friend,
 Nor vainly think your's is the Prince's bow.

Peter, with this advice I now conclude,
 And hope your Muse will give offence no more.
 Conclude ! I hear you say, I wish you wou'd,
 Indeed I wish you'd finish'd long before.

* Peter's unbounded vanity in imagining himself a beauty, and his extreme folly in supposing himself a perfect model of the Prince of Wales in genteel behaviour, have often been the subject of laughter among his friends ; nor hath the artist, in the annexed Print, at all exceeded the oddity of his person in those attitudes.

Alas! poor Peter, yes, I know you do,
 The wish is natural to escape from shame;
 But, Peter, I shall write again, if you,
 In future, call yourself by Pindar's name.

F I N I S.

T R U R O P O R K,

A N E W S O N G;

T O T H E T U N E O F T H E
R O A S T B E E F O F O L D E N G L A N D.

Being one of the earliest of P E T E R 's Satirical Effusions.

Never before published in London.

S I N C E pigs were invented, grains, porridge, and oats
Was the only meat given to fatten their guts,
Till a Doctor discover'd more elegant food,
And fatten'd his grunting companions on blood.

Sing O the roast Pork of old Truro, and O the old Truro roast Perk.

Whenever he open'd a vein, with an eye
Of good nature he'd squint on his friends in the stye;
So would draw in the bason a torrent of prog,
Ten ounces for health, and ten more for the hog.

Sing O &c.

With

With their grinders, the town did most laudably work,
 Declaring the Doctor's was excellent pork :
 Boys, girls, and old maids, married men and their wives,
 All swore they ne'er tasted such pork in their lives.

Sing O &c.

Thus all things went well, till an accident came,
 That brought the poor Doctor and Co. unto shame :
 For the sow eat the blood of a son of a b——,
 Who was mortally troubled with fits and the i—.

Sing O &c.

To be short—the old swine soon gave up the ghost
 K—— cried—and for days was as mute as a post,
 The Vares they were sick, but got over the rub,
 And luckily only came in for the scrub.

Sing O &c.

Fame reports, but the world scarce the story believes,
 That his worship each day in blue apron and sleeves ;
 Sought the stye, and in dirt was full up to the middle,
 With anointing the Vares for the filthy Scotch fiddle.

Sing O &c.

She likewise reports, but alas ! who will mind her,
 That he made little gloves, for the fore legs and hinder ;
 From his own old assembly gloves, black and in holes,
 With which he equipp'd the sweet little souls.

Sing O &c.

Could

Could Mahomet start from his tomb but to dine,
On Sundays with K— on a cheek or a chine;
I would lay fifty pounds he wou'd damn every Turk,
Who wou'd afterwards say a bad word against pork.

Sing O &c.

Had not death kill'd the sow, to me it is clear,
The Doctor had made full five hundred a year;
How unlucky! for just as the swine chanc'd to drop,
He was briskly preparing to ope a pig-shop.

Sing O &c.

For the good of his pocket, and country, this man
Was moreover extending his excellent plan;
He meant with young christians his pigs to provide;
By buying up all the fat children that died.

Sing O &c.

At length madam Scandal, I wish the jade further,
Peep'd into his house, and got wind of the murther;
Not caring a f—t for the Doctor's renown,
She told, with delight, the sad tale about town.

Sing O &c.

Soon the stomachs of those who had eat of his pork,
So dainty! began with huge sickness to work;
In short, gentle reader, without more ado,
The munchers of bacon were all in a spew.

Sing O &c.

The stories of scandal will always prevail,
So the boys (the young urchins!) got scent of the tale,
When his worship appear'd in the street, he upon't!
The wicked young dogs were beginning to grunt.

Sing O &c.

One day, thus saluted, with wrath he fore burn'd,
And as mad to his house as a march-hare return'd;
He seiz'd all the christianiz'd fitches of hogs,
And threw 'em down soufe to the cats and the dogs.

Sing O &c.

The children they squall'd—Madam fell into fits,
The servants all star'd, frighten'd out of their wits;
The dogs and the cats they went sensibly on,
Eat their bacon contented, and laugh'd at the fun.

Sing O &c.

Old W—— rush'd in, and began to abuse,
What the devil James K——, wilt thou live like the Jews;
Not eat pork! where's the money for beef to be found,
Dost a know, you damn'd fool, 'twill be *six-pence* a pound.

Sing O &c.

I don't care (replied K——, angry, biting his nails;)
If 'tis *seven-pence*, or zounds if I live upon snails;
D'ye think that the boys shall be mocking the Mayor,
And grunt when they meet me, as if 'twere pig-fair.

Sing O &c.

Dost

Dost thee mind they boys? (rejoin'd W—— so cool)
And grinning—I thought thou wert not such a fool:
Why thou know'st the whole world and I are at strife,
That they've call'd me a scoundrel all days of my life.

Sing O &c.

But now to conclude my most sorrowful ditty,
At which ev'ry soul will cry “pity! 'tis pity”
That poor Mr. K—— shou'd so sadly be crost,
And his scheme for the improvement of bacon be lost.

Sing O &c.

Ye who ask the unfortunate Doctor to dine,
From your tables O banish each atom of swine;
For believe me he'll rave at the pork in the platter,
Like a dog that's stark mad at the sight of salt-water.

Sing O &c.

That the mind they have (1000)
And thinking - I thought that was not a fact:
The mind is not the whole world but I am in it,
The mind is not the whole world but I am in it.

But now to consider the mind in itself,
The mind is not the whole world but I am in it,
The mind is not the whole world but I am in it,
The mind is not the whole world but I am in it.

The mind is not the whole world but I am in it,
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